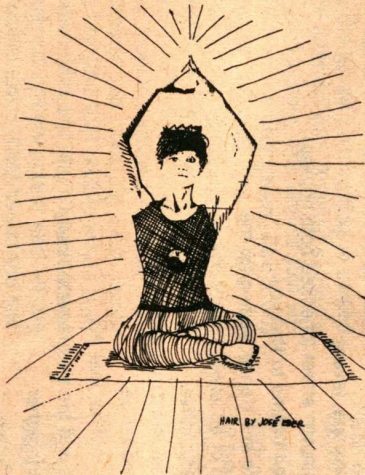


Hermes

By the Students and Faculty
of Wesleyan University
Middletown, Conn
April 26, 1984
Volume XVII, No. 3



The Resistance of Palestinian Cultural Institutions



Graphic by Jim McManus/Hermes

Barbara Harlow teaches English at Wesleyan. A scholar of Palestinian literature and politics, Barbara taught at the American University in Cairo and has travelled extensively in the Mideast.

By Barbara Harlow

Birzeit University, one of the three major universities in the Occupied West Bank (the other two are al-Najah University in Nablus and Bethlehem University, in addition to a number of smaller institutions of higher education), has recently announced a program of summer courses for 1984. These courses, in classical and colloquial Arabic as well as in the "Archaeology of Palestine," and on "Problems of Development under Occupation," are designed for foreign students and suggest an important development in the Palestinian educational program.

Since the 1948 War and the establishment of the state of Israel which dispossessed and displaced hundreds of thousands of Palestinians, sending them to refugee camps in Lebanon, Syria and Jordan (as well as hundreds of thousands of Jews who were evicted from their Arab homelands and subsequently absorbed by Israel), education has emerged as a more and more central concern on the Palestinian political and social agenda.

The growth of the national consciousness and the rise of the PLO as both a political and social organization which oversees not only the national welfare of the Palestinians but their communal existence as well, have contributed significantly to the educational development of the Palestinian people. From kindergartens, primary and secondary schools in the refugee camps in Lebanon, to the West Bank universities, to the UN-sponsored project for a Palestinian Open University, institutions dedicated to teaching and learning have continued to appear and continue to struggle for their existence. An indicator of their suc-

cess are the recent UN statistics, which reveal that the Palestinians have the second highest ratio of students in college to their college-age population, surpassed in this only by the United States.

The summer program for foreign students being offered now at Birzeit University represents a further ef-

Birzeit University suffers harassment from Israeli occupation authorities...not only in the form of closure, but also through censorship, and even at times deportation of its faculty and students.

fort to expand that educational concern through cooperation with students, teachers and scholars from around the world. Like the exchange programs between West Bank universities and their counterparts abroad, such as that recently approved by Indiana University which provides for full-scale institutional cooperation in such areas as language and literature (Arabic and English), science, folklore, sociology, political science, and archaeology, this summer program proposes a medium of cultural exchange which would enrich not only Palestinian pedagogy but the curricula and level of education of those foreign universities, their students and teachers, who participate in the reciprocal projects.

In recent years Birzeit University has been repeated-

ly obligated to use its summer sessions to complete the work of the academic year which has been disrupted by constant and often protracted closures of the university ordered by the Israeli military authorities in the Occupied Territories. These summary closures are usually the authorities' response to student demonstrations following Israeli military efforts to obstruct or prevent university activities such as Palestinian folklore exhibits, cultural gatherings or memorial events commemorating significant dates in recent Palestinian history.

On November 2, 1983, Bethlehem University was ordered closed for two months by Israeli occupation authorities. Birzeit University has been closed six times since 1967, and during the academic year of 1981-1982 the university was closed for seven months. It is significant, however, that despite such harassment, the university has never failed to complete its academic year, responding to these obstacles by working through the summer months and holding clandestine classes whenever possible.

Again on February 2 of this year Birzeit University was ordered closed, half-closed that is, since classes continued to meet on the still unfinished new campus. Following a Land Day demonstration, however, a one-month closure of the full university was ordered. (Land Day, or *Yarum al-Arad*, is a Palestinian holiday commemorating the general strike declared by Palestinian Arabs throughout the Galilee on March 30, 1976, against Israeli confiscation of Palestinian land. The Israeli military disbanded the demonstration in 1976 with machine guns, killing six Palestinians. Many more were wounded and hundreds arrested.) Birzeit students will be attending classes again this summer in order to complete their year of study. This necessity, together with the summer program for foreign students, testifies to the enduring commitment not only

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HERMES Interview

Cornell West teaches Philosophy of Religion at Union Theological Seminary in New York and has written extensively on contemporary socialism, the black church and "public life." He spoke at Wesleyan on March 5.

By Dhanaraj Chetty

Hermes: Could you define public life for us?

Cornell West: That particular sphere where the public has a say in the decision making process and those institutions that regulate their lives — conversation, services and relations in the community.

Hermes: How about your background as a Christian and your position in the church—you're a social theorist, a Christian, an academic, an activist...

West: All four are facets of my identity—in relation to the church it's a matter of putting forward a prophetic gospel that keeps alive and promotes a particular cloud of witnesses such that oppositional or even subversive activity has a role in the church as a whole. It is an involvement in intra-ecclesiastical struggle and a linking with secular organizations.

Hermes: Does your link with the church come before your academic work or is it something you took up later?

West: There are deep existential and visceral roots to my own Christianity which have been strengthened, I think, as I have engaged in secular modes of thought. I am not convinced that there is a singular universal vision of what it is to be human, as material bodies in

Theologian Cornell West

space, that is acceptable over against the Christian vision that I have. That is not to say that the vision I adopt has a monopoly on reality—it is just more persuasive.

Hermes: What are your principal concerns outside academia?

West: I am active with the African Peoples Christian Organization with the Rev. Daltry in Brooklyn where I teach a course on Christian perspectives on the capitalist economy and Black self-determination. That I think is important not only as an organic link to a particular movement but also in terms of my learning from ordinary parishioners who have much to offer that is not part of the academy. Secondly, I work with the Democratic Socialists of America, another kind of organization, a more racially homogenous one which is attempting to allow for more serious Black and Third World participation. I'm chairperson of the Afro-American committee. Trying to function in a predominantly white middle/working class movement and in a Black organization has some interesting political possibilities.

Hermes: Where does your work with the Worker Education Unit fit in?

West: Oh, yes the Central Worker Education Unit,

there I was teaching not simply workers but more particularly Black women workers—a trade union of day care workers who are predominantly Black women trying to pursue their education. Here again I was teaching and learning from Black women. They are confronting serious moral and political issues—interestingly enough, through a trade union and not a political movement.

Hermes: Are there problems in dealing with both the

"I circumscribe my Marxism to a socio-analytic arena and once it spills over, that's where my Christianity takes over."

academic and non-academic settings?

West: There is a tremendous tension and it requires not only a lot of energy but different kinds of energy.

Hermes: Your lecture was largely concerned with the church as an institution that is "useful" or amenable to the work of activists—how is this so?

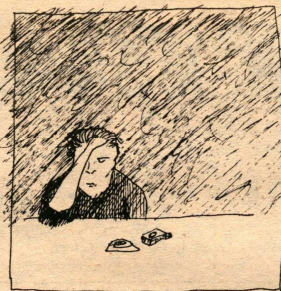
West: It's not so much using the church, but trying to accent its progressive possibilities; it's not a manipulative attitude. It's a matter of being part and parcel of the life of the church and trying to discern what potential there is for prophetic and political ac-

Continued on Page 8

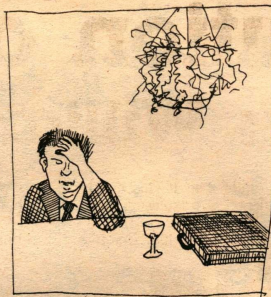


Photos by Steve Hubbell/Hermes

Graphic by Craig Maraden



Harold Norton, age 20



Wilbur Winkle, age 46

THE TWO MOST INDECISIVE PEOPLE IN THE WORLD!

Graphic by Marion Appel/Hermes



GE Brings Deadly Things to Life

The boycott of General Electric products continues. GE is involved in mining and milling uranium fuel, in making fuel rods and reactor cores, in handling waste for nuclear power plants. GE is also a major defense contractor, and manufactures the Mark 12A nuclear warhead and engines for the B-1 bomber. In addition, GE is one of the top ten U.S. arms exporters in sales, selling their weapons to some of the most repressive governments in the world. Ironically, GE's sales pitch is, "We bring good things to life."

A broad range of appliances sold under the GE or Hot Point label are being boycotted. For more information, contact GE Boycott Committee, CARE, 3960 Winding Way, Cincinnati, OH 45229, (513) 861-4353.

—Catholic Worker

Sexism Awareness Day

How integral a part of our lives is sexism? How are sexism, rape and pornography interrelated? Next Thursday, May 3, the Wesleyan community will be addressing these issues in the course of a Day of Awareness. Events are planned from mid-morning until after 10:00 PM, and include films, speakers, panels and discussion groups.

All students, staff and administrators are deeply urged to attend, as is the Middletown community. The number and breadth of events should guarantee that everyone will be able to participate in at least one or two events.

The films to be shown on May 3 include *Not a Love Story*, an intense, disturbing film about rape, *To Have and To Hold*, about men who beat women, and *Killing Us Softly*, about the perpetuation of sexism in advertising. *Rape Culture*, which discusses the ways—blatant and subtle—in which sexism pervades our society, may also be shown.

Below is a preliminary schedule of speakers and panels for the Awareness Day:

- AM: Cathy Alexander, on Women's Survival Culture.
- Noon: Pat Russo, on sexism and rape law.
- 1PM: Haydee Rosario and Mary Ann Morales, on Domestic Violence in Hispanic Culture.
- PM: Jill Morawski, Bob Steele and Susan Swinney, all Wes Psych Professors, in a panel on the Psychology of Sexism.
- 4:30: Bill Hobson, a counselor of male sex offenders at Summer's Prison, Linda Conway, Director of SAFE, and Shawn Lang, Director of New Horizons, a battered women's shelter in New Haven, in a panel on Violence Against Women.
- 7:00: Wesleyan Professor Judith Butler and Molly Ladd-Taylor, a Yale Grad Student, on Sexism and Power.
- 8:30: Charlie Kriener will hold a workshop on male awareness.

On the following day, Friday, May 4, Public Safety will sponsor a Self-Defense Workshop, led by Pat Hailey. Discussions will be held after movies and speakers. Several independent discussions are also planned, centering on individual emotions, reactions, and responsibilities regarding sexism, and will be held all over campus throughout the day.

Again, everyone is invited to attend any and all events during the Day of Awareness. For more information, contact Ilona Harris (347-3467, Box 800) or Joan Heckscher (346-5589, Box 806).

stop trident!



MAY 19



GROTON, CT.

ON MAY 19, ELECTRIC BOAT WILL BE LAUNCHING THE SIXTH TRIDENT SUBMARINE, THE U.S.S. ALABAMA. THE TRIDENT SUBMARINE IS THE MOST DESTRUCTIVE WEAPON EVER BUILT; EACH OF THEM CARRIES THE EQUIVALENT OF 2,040 HIROSHIMA BOMBS. ONE TRIDENT SUBMARINE IS CAPABLE OF DESTROYING 408 CITIES.



TOGETHER, WE CAN STOP TRIDENT

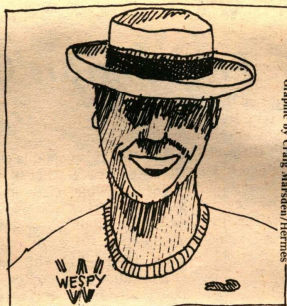
We will gather at Ft. Griswold State Park in Groton at 9:30 a.m. on May 19. A large vigil with street theater, and civil disobedience are being organized. Call (203) 562-7935 for more information.

TRIDENT NEIN/ BOX 411/ NEW HAVEN, CT./ 06502

WANTED!

Dead or Alive

Do you have any information on who Edgar Beckham's Student Spies are? The *Hermes* has been publishing the history of FBI surveillance, but no less insidious is the spying performed by our own administration on the students and faculty of Wesleyan. Despite the farcical aspect of this situation, we are serious in our effort to investigate it. Any information will be appreciated, and its donor will, of course, remain anonymous. Write to us through campus mail, *Hermes*, Box A, or call us at extension 2463.



Graphic by Craig Maraden/Hermes

MAY 3

DAY OF AWARENESS

Editorial Collective

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Mark Ungar



Boycott Scott

Nova Scotia residents have recently asked Americans to boycott all Scott products. The Scott Paper Company produces the phenoxy herbicide 2,4,5-T—currently used in Nova Scotia forests—which contains dioxin. Dioxin has been linked to cancer, suppression of the immune system, miscarriages and birth defects. Its effects have been tragically documented in the lives of returning U.S. Vietnam veterans and in the mass evacuation of Times Beach, Missouri. The scientific community has issued statements that there is no "safe" or "acceptable" level of dioxin, and many countries have banned or restricted its use. Scott manufactures the following products: Cashmere Rite Wax Paper, Baby Scot Newborn and Regular Diapers, and Scotties Tissues. For more information, contact The Scott Paper Boycott Committee, R.R. 1, Tatamagouche, Nova Scotia B0K 1Y0.

—Catholic Worker

Despair and Empowerment Workshop

On Saturday, April 28th, Wesleyan's Nuclear Resistance Group and the University Ministry will co-sponsor a workshop on Despair and Empowerment in the Nuclear Age. Despair and empowerment work brings people in touch with suppressed feelings about nuclear war and other planetary threats. Workshop participants will move through feelings of despair to tap their own personal power. The workshop will offer participants an opportunity to experience their deepest feelings and fears without being overwhelmed by them, and in so doing will encourage living without some of the psychological blocks that typically accompany strong feelings.

Portia Cornell and Molly Quarrier will facilitate the workshop. Both women are members of the Interhelp Network, an international network committed to helping people understand and deal with the effects of planetary threats in their daily lives.

The workshop will be held in Woodhead Lounge, Room 184 of Wesleyan University's Science Center, from 10 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. on Saturday, April 28, 1984. There is a \$1.00 participation fee. For more information, or to enroll in the workshop, please call Mike at 344-8612.

We Want to Hear From You

The *Hermes* welcomes letters and contributions from our readers. Our address is:

Hermes
Box A
Wesleyan Station
Middletown CT
06457

The Evolution of a Revolutionary: William Morales

This article was first published in Newsday. It appears here with the author's permission.

By David Hessekel

With the capture last spring of fugitive bombmaker William Morales by Mexican police, officials responsible for combating the Puerto Rican Armed Forces of National Liberation started breathing a little easier. Law enforcement officers have called the FALN, the Spanish acronym by which the group is known, the most dangerous terrorist organization operating in the United States today.

"The whole world knows that Puerto Rico is a direct colony of the United States," Morales said in September at the start of a series of interviews with Newsday. "The FALN acts under international law... We are not terrorists; we are a national liberation group."

Before Morales' May 26 capture in the small city of Puebla, no U.S. lawman was known to have laid eyes on him since May 21, 1979. On that day, he escaped from a guarded room in New

York's Bellevue Hospital, in spite of having lost nearly all of his fingers in an accidental 1978 explosion.

Mexican police held Morales incommunicado—Morales says they tortured him—for five



(Photo by Jim McManus/Hermes)

days before he was officially arraigned. The United States requested Morales' extradition to serve an 89-year prison sentence, but six months later the East Harlem native is still a prisoner in the modern Northern Prison on the dusty outskirts of the capital.

Morales was allowed to speak to reporters when he was first jailed in May. His allegations of torture received so much attention, however, that prison officials soon limited his contact with the press. Newsday was able, however, to conduct interviews with Morales this fall during pauses in his courtroom appearances and once over lunch within the prison walls.

Although Morales' case is being handled in the courts, diplomatic observers here believe the ultimate decision on his extraditions will be more political than juridical. The possibilities are: extraditing him, jailing him in Mexico for crimes linked to his arrest or—as Morales has petitioned—granting him asylum as a persecuted Puerto Rican freedom fighter. Mexico has a long tradition of welcoming political refugees such as exiles from Franco's Spain and, more recently, South and Central American leftists.

"If I'm sent back, boom! I'm in jail," Morales said.

Continued on Page 8

Wesleyan in Flames

FBI at Wesleyan: Third in a series

FBI Investigates Campus "Terror"

By Mark Ungar

At the end of January, 1971, a rash of bombings shook the Wesleyan campus. A small fire bomb exploded in Downey House during the early morning of January 30th, and the next day, two Molotov cocktails again struck Downey, shortly after a firebomb hit the Alumni Affairs Center. Downey House suffered little damage, but the Alumni Center was destroyed.

Although no government property was involved, the Federal Bureau of Investigation entered the investigation because of a recently established protocol. The protocol states that none of the research projects which students were working on required this particular chemical. The FBI then contacted the student, who had since enrolled at a university in North Carolina, but did not receive any information from her. Exactly what information agents did gain from her has been deleted from the Wesleyan files.

Early in 1972, agents working on the case informed their superiors that "extensive investigation...has failed to develop any information that members of the RPCCIC were responsible for the fire bombing. In view of this and in the absence of any additional information which would indicate that members of the RPCCIC or any other black militant group were responsible for the fire bombing, it is not felt that further in-

vestigation is warranted."

Meanwhile, the FBI had launched extensive inquiries into the affairs of the University in search of useful information there. One agent discovered that the flammable liquid used to fashion the bombs was similar to a substance used by Physical Plant to clear drains. The Bureau obtained information about the employees of Physical Plant from an assistant head of that office. But the heavily censored documents of the Wesleyan FBI file do not clearly indicate the results of this specific aspect of the investigation.

A dismissal at the Development Office, however, spurred more elaborate FBI involvement. Michael McCully, then Director of Development, told an FBI agent that his office had employed a certain person until her job "was terminated due to her unwillingness to make a permanent commitment to work at Wesleyan." He described the employee as "perturbed" at being fired.

Soon after, McCully received two long letters from the employee, filled with complaints about the conduct of her immediate superior in the office, Roger Sullivan. She described Sullivan's "mistreatment (and) nebulousness" and detailed many of the problems she had encountered working under him.

A couple of months later, a typed note was mailed to the Wesleyan Alumni Association, apparently in response to information on foreign travel sent out by the Association. The note read, in part, "Thank you for inviting me on your \$1,300 trip. Unfortunately, i (sic) just lost my \$1.65-an-hour job selling hamburgers to heroin and speed junkies. too bad. call me again in 74: mebbe a nice trip to Saigon to see some of the deformed babies our airforce has created. wouldn't that be fun? We're gonna burn you muthafuggin' liberals right to the fucking ground, as victims of the liberal smarts education, we take personal responsibility for ENDING it. (Signed) dig pigs"

FBI reports on this affair stated that "there appears to be some similarities" between the note from "dig pigs" and the two letters from the former employee. Agents then conducted a further investigation into the matter, but eventually concluded that there was no relation at all between the letters.

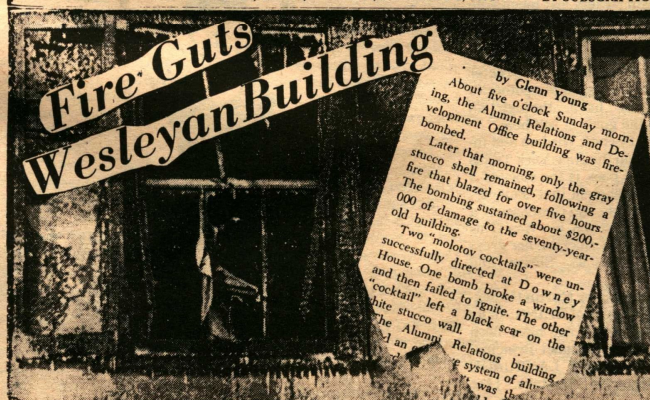
Bureau files do not indicate whether anyone was implicated in the bombings. What the files do show, though, is a complex and extensive FBI involvement with Wesleyan students, faculty, and the Middletown community. Perhaps the Bureau's great interest in this whole matter was a function of its overall interest in politically-active colleges. ■

The Wesleyan Argus

CIV. No. 23

MIDDLETOWN, CONN., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1971

BY SUBSCRIPTION



Charred remains of Alumni Relations Office on Washington Terrace after Sunday morning's firebombing.

Phenomenolgy and Phitness

The Exegesis of Exercise

St. Jane d'Aerobic

By Dan Kolbert

Jane Fonda's Workout Book. By Jane Fonda. Published by Simon and Schuster. 255 pp. Photos. \$17.95 (Record not included)

In this age of microchips and microwaves, megatons and megatrends, it is often easy to lose track of our glorious Judeo-Christian heritage. We live in tempestuous times, in a dog-eat-dogma world. Where can we turn?

The stuffy theologians say that the age of the prophets is long gone. Au contraire—just when you thought God was dead, along comes Jane.

The old straight and narrow is no easy path to travel. As Cotton Mather warned, only one in ten will be saved. Even worse, reports Ms. Fonda, one in three has already been stricken with the Devil's plague—unsightly cellulite. In the first major exposition of her theology, *Jane Fonda's Workout Book*, the new prophet shows us how to make the journey to Truth with as cardiovascularly-fit a soul as the Good Lord will allow.

The mind-body union is nothing new to Western civilization. Who can forget the immortal words of one of those Greek philosophers who said "Mens sana in corpore sano?" (Sound mind in a sound body) And Herbert Tarnower implicitly applied the culmination of five thousand years of Jewish guilt to weight loss in his classic tract, *The Scarsdale Medical Diet*. But Fonda takes us further. She has reunited the Christian world under one banner—AEROBICS.

Fonda makes manifest the wonders of nature. Out of the maddening noise, she makes beautiful music. Witness with me her tender accounting of the magic of digestion:

Enzymes and acids in our own digestive system interact with these nutrients, transforming proteins into amino acids, carbohydrates into

sugars, and fats into fatty acids and glycerol. In these new forms they are absorbed into the bloodstream.

This is undoubtedly the Song of Songs of the modern age.

Jane is, above all, a successful, well-paid, attractive actress. Her Calvinist heritage has taught her that one must follow one's calling, and if Jesus has decided that Sister Fonda must look good in a bikini, then it is her duty to obey.

It is this religious fervor which has prompted Jane to push further and further in her quest for Physical Truth. "Go For The Burn," she urges her sweating followers.

Success came easily for our Prophet. Aerobics saved her figure after a foot injury that otherwise might have been fatal to her figure, career, and, ultimately, her salvation. She was quick to spread the Word. She describes her first miracle, while teaching an aerobics class during the filming of her existential classic, *The Electric Horseman*:

There was one woman over sixty years old who told me she had been on heavy medication for fifteen years. I watched that woman change as she came to work out night after night. After class one night she told me, "I haven't taken any medication for a week. It's the first time in fifteen years that I haven't had to take it."

But individual acts of faith-healing were not enough for the Blessed Sister. She needed a way to reach everyone. Jesus Christ, omniscient though he may have been, made an awful mess of things by leaving the founding of his Church to Peter, and, learning the lessons history provides, Fonda realized that her Word must not be diluted. She had to institutionalize her Way herself, in her own lifetime. And so she



went into franchisement.

I discovered that working out had a definite effect on their (her followers') attitudes about themselves. They felt better about themselves, held their heads higher and looked

more comfortable in their bodies. I decided then that I wanted to offer the benefits of this kind of workout to more people. I opened my first Workout Studio about a year later.

Despite her rejection of early Church politics, Sister Fonda has incorporated the beauty and elegance of Catholic mysticism into her regimen. The simultaneous release of the *Workout* book and record guaranteed that her Holy Ceremony would survive untainted. The carefully-chosen music, by believers like Boz Scaggs and Jimmy Buffet, turns a workout into a truly transcendental experience. And like the catechisms, like counting Rosary beads, Fonda's Workout is based on an outwardly simple, but infinitely subtle, series of endlessly repeated exercises.

She warns that *In the beginning, it (the Holy Celebration of the Aerobic) will seem very mechanical...Do not rush it. Read the instructions carefully. It is important that you do the exercises carefully, otherwise you risk getting hurt (i.e. condemning your soul to purgatory).* But with repetition comes increasing confidence in the Way of Jane.

In fact, the Way of Jane has had such a rejuvenative effect on the Church that Pope John Paul II is reportedly expanding on his encyclical *On Human Work* in a new encyclical, *On Human Workouts*. And the Fundamentalists, impressed by Sister Jane's wild-fire proselytizing, are planning their own texts. Billy Graham is working on his soon-to-be-broadcast-on-a-major-television-network sermon, *Did Jesus Jog?* And Jerry Falwell's *God Does Not Hear the Prayers of the Overweight* should be out in time for Christmas.

The Christian world has been bullied by the Godless heathens for too long. Thank the Lord for sending us Jane to help prepare for the new Crusade. Onward, Fitness Soldiers! ■

The Buddha Principal

By Peter Shabecoff

The Body Principal. By Victoria Principal. Published by Simon and Schuster. Lots of pictures. \$16.95

It has been said that our society is living in a spiritual vacuum, that the great western faiths have become little more than self-help guides in the guise of religion. Can this be so? Has American society lost touch with the Human Experience and Understanding that for thousands of years have given meaning and texture to Life? I say no! Rather, our great nation, almost unaware, has reached for and embraced the Greater Truths of the East. And these messages of apothecic knowledge and transcendence have, through an historic irony, come to us in the guise of self-help.

For weeks on end, a book of Deepest Wisdom and Insight has been perched high atop the New York Times Nonfiction Bestseller List. This book is the story of a personal conversion and enlightenment that shall certainly touch us all. For, with beauty and compassion, a New Teacher has shown to us her vision, her Way. This new teacher I speak of is Victoria Principal, her great book, *The Body Principal* (\$16.95, Simon and Schuster).

It was the great German philosopher Martin Heidegger who said "Language is the house of BEING; in its home man (sic) dwells." He could not have been speaking of anyone other than the prophet Principal who, indeed, presents to us—through LANGUAGE (Body-Language)—the Heideggerian "Ek-stase." Like



Saul (soon to be Paul) struck from his horse on the road to Damascus, like the Buddha experiencing Satori under the Bohdi tree, the teachings of Principal flow from an experience of self-transcendence. She writes: *That day at Harry's studio I was under strain. Then I started warming up to exercise for the photographs. The more I worked my body, the better I felt. Suddenly, I not only forgot about my depression, I began to feel energized, excited, almost high. My body was working—I was moving and feeling elated, and the stress and tension disappeared. MY BODY AND MY MIND WERE IN HARMONY. (Chapter 7, Verse 186)*

Hers is a message we must hear, if we as a nation, as a people, as an entity, ever hope to look and feel our best. Her Way is simple; it is the new Middle Path, for it offers us redemption as a satisfying part of our everyday life. She tells us that, to reach Serenity, we must walk the road between Self-Denial and Self-Indulgence:

So enjoy your life, and your exercising, by taking it easy. Results will come quickly, I assure you. There's no need to overdo, to rush, to do too much. It's a good lesson to learn and to apply to all parts of our lives. Take it easy and enjoy! (Chapter 2, Verse 34)

We can rejoice in the knowledge that her message of hope has already reached millions. And it hasn't even been issued in paperback yet. Perhaps the millenium is soon upon us. ■

Six Weeks in Nicaragua

Germans Harvest Coffee

Translated from German by Matthew Lyons

146 Germans and 16 people from the Netherlands have been participating in the "International Work Brigades for Nicaragua-Todos juntos venceremos" ("All together we will win"), since the end of December. Shortly after their return in late February, a second group of 150 Germans will replace them. Unlike the first group, who have been working in the coffee harvest, the second group will mainly undertake a variety of rebuilding projects—such as nursery schools, schools and an agricultural cooperative in the north, which was almost completely destroyed by the Contras. These projects will be largely financed by groups in West Germany. The work brigades will have to bring most of their materials and tools with them or buy them in Central America with money raised at home.

Interest in the work brigades has been so strong in Germany as to make the organizing more difficult. The 150

participants in the second group of work brigades have to be chosen from among 7000 applicants. Many of the people in the first group wanted to stay in Nicaragua for more than two months. But the purpose of the brigades is not to facilitate long-term work in Nicaragua, but rather to provide direct international support for the country, and to enable people to experience the Revolution first-hand, and to share these experiences with people in their own countries in order to strengthen solidarity work. The Nicaraguan government is encouraging efforts to maintain a continual presence of small, regularly-replaced work brigades in Nicaragua.

There has also been conflict between West German cities about choosing participants. ("If you get so many places, why don't we get that many?") Even worse has been the factional political conflicts. A central point of contention over two concepts of solidarity with Nicaragua: either exclusively with Nicaragua, or in connection with the

taz's "Weapons for El Salvador" campaign (which has sent hundreds of thousands of dollars to the El Salvadoran rebels).

Hans B. from Bochum:

On the day after our arrival we set off, partly with trucks—direction northeast, where we are now picking coffee with 30 people on a finca. The government-owned farm (nationalized five months ago) is about 30 kilometers [c. 18 miles] northeast of Matagalpa somewhere in the mountains and is called "La Lima." It belongs—like 12 other farms—to the state run complex of "San Ramon." We work six days a week from 6:00 until 4:00 and eat rice and beans three times a day!! But we have also found a few shops a few kilometers away, where we can sometimes buy some bread or perhaps and egg. The food is one of the main problems here. With the hard work, it's no wonder after our pampered life in Germany.

For us Brigade members it is another

world here. Because of the lack of hygiene and the rain—the rainy season is still lingering here—up to a third of the people are lying sick in sleeping bags, in a barn where the wind blows like crazy. Not to give a false picture: we like it here very, very much. The brief impression we've had up until now is enough to tell us that we are in country that has come a big step nearer to our goals. We can see this, the school system, and social welfare programs, among others.

A man from Munster reports:

It's really hard: 33 people in a room seven by fifteen meters (23'x49'), hard physical labor and then the weather. We still have the rainy season, and nobody had reckoned with that. We've

Continued on Page 9



Graphics by Martin Appel/Hermes

Witness for Peace: Yanquis on the Border

Peggy Scherer, a Catholic Worker from New York City, is currently participating in a unique action on the Nicaraguan-Honduran border. Called the Witness for Peace (WFP), this action involves United States Christians who are committed to constant nonviolent resistance of U.S. aggression against Nicaragua. By literally placing their bodies between the Nicaraguan people and the U.S.-funded counter-revolutionaries, WFP participants offer a nonviolent alternative to the violence that has characterized Central American resistance. In addition, their presence communicates to the Nicaraguan people that not all North Americans approve of U.S. foreign policy in Central America.

The Catholic Workers come from a 50-year tradition of nonviolent resistance and pacifism in this country. As a Catholic Worker participating in the Witness for Peace, Peggy is extending that tradition to include protests in other parts of the world. Following are Peggy's first impressions of the Witness for Peace.

Managua, Nicaragua

January 15, 1984

Martin Luther King's birthday

Dear Everyone,

This is my first letter from Nicaragua. Some of you know, others may not, that I have gone to Nicaragua to take part in the Witness for Peace (Accion Permanente Cristiana por la Paz) on the Nicaraguan-Honduran border, for about six months. January 4-8, I took part in an orientation in Santa Cruz, California, at the Resource Center for Nonviolent Action with others on the long-term team: Moses and Ada Beachey, from Goshen, IN, Mennonites, parents of five grown children; Doug Spence, from Washington State, who has spent six years in Guatemala in the Peace Corps, and Mary Dutcher, of the St. Louis Catholic Worker, and St. Jean Abbot, a sister of St. Joseph from St. Louis. Mary and Jean will come to Esteli, Nicaragua on February 1, study Spanish for five weeks, then join us on the border. We came on to Managua, and have had several days of orientation here, meeting people from different church groups and beginning to learn of life in Nicaragua.

Before I describe Nicaragua, let me explain a little of the Witness for Peace (WFP). It has grown out of the experiences of North American Christians who have visited Nicaragua, especially a group of 150 people who visited the border town of Jalapa in July, 1983. They were opposed to the U.S. government funding the counter-revolutionaries: Nicaraguans (and paid mercenaries from other countries) who are attacking towns and work-places here, killing, torturing civilians, destroying factories, farm equipment, gasoline storage tanks, and other places important to the life and economy. During their visit to Jalapa, they found the Nicaraguan people grateful for their presence and feeling safer for it. Several people pursued the idea of developing a permanent presence of North American people in a nonviolent witness. Much has evolved in these last six months, as the idea is tempered and broadened by reality. At this point, the WFP has two parts here in Nicaragua: our long-term team, and then every two weeks, more or less, groups of about 15 people will come from different parts of the country, spending half of that time in Jalapa, or another border town (perhaps Ocotal). Through sharing the risks of the people and making first-hand reports of life here, and of attacks when they occur, we hope to inform people in the U.S.—mainly in different churches and in government—of our opposition to a military response in Central America. We will maintain a nonviolent stance, and have a stand of political

independence: we are here at the invitation of Churches and Church people, with the consent of the Nicaraguan government. We have an agreement that we will receive no special protection, and are not here to endorse the Sandinista government. Individuals in the WFP have a variety of views on the Sandinistas, on different projects and actions of theirs. Most of us agree on our action being nonviolent, and on opposition to U.S. military support for the counter-revolutionaries, or any U.S. military action.

WFP is funded by donations from individuals and church groups. As long-term people we'll get room and board and a stipend. Short-term people pay their own way here, and agree to do support work upon their return. Most participants are Christians, but the Witness welcomes people of other beliefs who share the commitment to nonviolence. There is a recognition that Nicaragua is 99% Christian—about 85% Catholic, 14% Protestant (here the word Evangelical is used for all non-Catholics).

Why am I here? I can't explain fully, as in part I just feel it's the right thing for me to do right now. I believe deeply that war is not the way to achieve peace, that the killing of innocent people or "guilty" people is wrong, and adds to fear, hatred, injustice. I believe the Gospel teaches us about the power of love—that we should try to take suffering upon ourselves rather than inflict it on others. I think nonviolence, based on faith, is a very powerful force. I hope that by our presence



Graphics by Jim McManus/Hermes

here some hearts, as well as heads, may be touched, to reconsider and change the United States' aggressive stance toward Nicaragua. I hope that through this experience, we will learn much—already, the situation calls for some concrete reflection on nonviolence in a country at war. For example, we have clear feelings that when we travel in our own vehicles, we won't have armed guards. But in a country with few vehicles and little gasoline, we will often be hitching rides, or using public buses, where there are guards, or more often militia members or civilians who carry guns for defense—and most of the campesinos carry some type of arms in the border areas, as they are attacked, at home or at work. Or, if we are in a vehicle of ours (to use: we don't have one ourselves), and pass someone who has a gun hitching on the road—we will do what we can, explain our presence is unarmed—but have to understand many Nicaraguans don't believe they can, or should, go unarmed. This will be a good school, I'm sure.

Some dialogue has begun with local people, with Sandinistas on various local and national levels, as to

nonviolence—trying to recognize that as a nation Nicaragua has preferred, and sought to use, mediation: the U.N., the Contadora group, etc. The people are peace-loving and don't want to fight; they want to be left alone to re-build their country. But they are determined to protect, when attacked, the many gains that have come in the last four and a half years. We don't want to be imperialistic about nonviolence, but hope to teach by example and, as we become better known and trusted, share ideas which might be helpful. And our deepest hope is that those in the U.S., from where the aggression comes, will work to change that policy.

As an organization, WFP is young, already overburdened with work (joyfully, in terms of the great response the Witness has evoked). Over time, attempts to engage in dialogue with people in the U.S. government and with the counter-revolutionaries, seem necessary, even if hard to arrange. I hope that many creative actions will develop in the U.S.—not only press work and speaking by returned short-term people, but perhaps civil disobedience linked to our efforts here: things like a long term presence at government offices, after attempting, or engaging in, dialogue. Most church bodies in the U.S. have made statements condemning U.S. policy in Central America—those statements need to be made better known, and to be acted on. The Witness, it seems to me, may provide us not only with a good network, but one based on and developed through a common, concrete experience. Though I do hope WFP, or "going to Nicaragua," does not become a measure of commitment, like "getting arrested" has been in some circles. We need to see, and build, coordinated and varied nonviolent efforts. This is a public open witness, and I urge all of you to let people know about it—write people in churches, in government. Education, demonstrations, efforts such as conscientious tax refusal, are all means which can be looked into. Here, we are making a point of talking with people with different experiences of, and views on, life within Nicaragua; in the U.S., it will be important, I think, to try to talk with people with different views too—recognizing that much distorted information is printed there. Nicaragua is so often described as totalitarian and Communist—which seems so ridiculous when you're here seeing the majority practicing their Christianity, quite freely, and I've not yet found anyone hesitant to state their views. There are problems here, as anywhere, and a developing government needs healthy discussion and criticism as it is formed. But there are many means for that. The greatest, and most difficult tension is over wealth and power. The rich, accustomed to power accompanying their wealth, are finding that they are not in full control. The poor, the majority, now have a better material life, and ways to participate in decisions affecting their lives. It is a great change, and takes getting used to, and some don't like it.

We anticipate being not only isolated, but losing some objectivity, being in the midst of things, so we'll need input. Our library is growing—we now have books by Gandhi, Martin Luther King, and Dorothy Day. Adolfo Perez Esquivel, who received the Nobel Peace prize a year ago, visited us on the first of the year—though his helicopter couldn't get to the border because of fighting. He did meet with many people in Nicaragua, though, and they conversed on nonviolence. Was that published in the U.S.?

Well time is running short, so I'll close. My love to all, and please keep me, and all of us, and the Nicaraguan people in your prayers. Please feel free to circulate this letter further.

Peace,
Peggy

By Safa Odeh

I didn't realize that my family was poor until I went to school. My school was at the other end of town and I had to walk for about half an hour to get to it. There were a few buses in the town, but it cost a cent to take the bus; my family couldn't afford the two cent bus fare, so I walked. In winter when it rained hard the bus drivers would pity us (poor children walking in the rain) and would give us free rides. I never approached the school shop where many girls gathered; I knew from the beginning that you couldn't go there unless you had money, which I never had before I was in third grade.

I still remember that glorious day when my father came home happy. He told my mother that he had gotten a new job. Then he asked us: "What do you kids need for school? Just tell me and I'm ready to buy you whatever you want." At that time I was about to begin third grade; I hadn't dreamed of buying a new school uniform, a school bag, or shoes since I had never bought them before. Some kind people used to give us their children's stuff which they no longer needed. My first day in third grade I was proud and felt like a princess: brand new shoes, a beautiful school bag, a new uniform which fit me perfectly, a ride on the bus, in addition to two cents in my pocket. At the beginning of the first break at school that day I ran to the school shop; I wanted to be the first there, so all the girls could see me and see what I would buy. I bought a sandwich with the first cent, but hesitated before spending the other cent which I wanted to save for the bus ride. Finally I spent it on a chocolate bar. "I can walk home," I said to

beside the headmistress' door. You will spend all day standing there. Never try to be tricky with me again."

I spent all that day standing beside the door of the headmistress' office. I prayed again and again that the headmistress wouldn't come out of her room before my punishment ended. I was sure that if she saw me, she would give me a more severe punishment for my "crime." When we left school in the afternoon, one of my friends in the class told me that the teacher had said, "It is more important to be honest than to be intelligent and good at school." After the story of the two cents, I became shy and tried not to talk to my classmates until the story was forgotten completely.

I was always among the best students in school; I got excellent grades, I did my homework, and above all, I respected my teachers. Teachers at my school were very severe with the students. If a student didn't do her homework, she would be beaten harshly. Many times a poor student would end up with a broken arm; some students bled for hours after harsh beatings. Once, when I was in the sixth grade, the Arabic teacher called me as she had finished grading our composition papers for the final exam. She was a new teacher; she came to our school two weeks before the final exam period to replace our original Arabic teacher who had died recently in a car accident.

This new teacher told me that she was sure I had cheated. I answered that nobody could cheat in composition, and that the student who sat beside me was not good at all in Arabic.

"No. That is not what I mean. Your paper was written out of class and by somebody else. Tell me the truth. Who

My Students Taught M

By Safa Odeh

I was very happy when I got a teaching job with the U.N. Agency in a refugee camp; I had just graduated from university at that time and I wanted any job because I didn't want to stay home, doing nothing. The first month at that school was very frustrating for me. When I got paid at the end of that month, I told myself, "It is not worth it to travel to the camp every day and be paid only three hundred dollars to deal with students who don't even care to do their homework."

On that pay-day, I told my mother that I was planning to leave my job, but my mother advised me to wait another month or two before making that decision. She thought that I might like the job later on. I followed my mother's advice and didn't give up my job. A month later, I told her that I was glad that I had followed her advice; I liked the

school, and even more I didn't want to leave that school for any reason.

I realized that my students who had seemed indifferent and unwilling to learn were actually very interested in school. Those students suffered miserable conditions at home; it was difficult for them to cope with the duties of both home and school. I soon learned that most of them lived in very small houses with only one room and a tiny kitchen. The room they had served as living room, bedroom, study room and dining room. "How can I study while my father is talking to my mother, and my little brothers are fighting with each other?" one student asked me. Another student told me that she could never do her homework because she was in charge of doing all the housework and taking care of her brothers and sisters who were all younger than she. Both the mother and

wrote it?"

"I wrote it. You gave us the title of the paper just five minutes before we started writing our papers, and we all wrote our papers in class. How could somebody else write it for me?"

"Don't try to deceive me. I am sure somebody else wrote your paper, so you will get an F in this course. What I said is final and don't argue any more."

"Did you give me the title of the paper ahead of time? How could somebody else write it for me then?"

I had hardly finished speaking when the teacher slapped me sharply on the face; my face twisted, and I thought my cheek was bleeding. I didn't cry; I felt lost and dizzy. I was used to seeing some of my classmates beaten every day, but I never knew before how it felt to be beaten. When I went home, I was still dizzy; I had a fever that night and I couldn't sleep. I didn't mind so much being beaten; what tortured me was getting an F in that course, as well as my fear that I wouldn't be considered one of the best students any more.

Maybe nobody can believe that I graduated from high school before I knew what the word "love" meant. I never knew at that time, either what the word "sex" meant; I knew only that I was a girl, and that a person who wore short hair and a different style of clothing was a boy. I was very busy during my student years with school and its activities. I went to school at six in the morning for basketball or volleyball training. Our classes began at 8 and ended at 2 in the afternoon. After 2 p.m., I stayed at school for different kinds of activities such as ping-pong, badminton, and dancing. Then all I did after school was eat, do my homework, and go to bed. I seldom watched t.v. or went to movies, or took walks as my brothers and sisters did. I cared for school and school only.

Once, one of my friends at school told me that she might not come to school any longer; she loved a boy from the neighboring school. They wrote letters to each other, and they went out together. A teacher found one of the letters and learned the "whole story." The headmistress asked the girl to bring her mother or father to school the next morning.

"Why are you worried? Just ask one of your parents to come with you," I assured her.

"My parents will kill me if they find out I go out with a boy," she said.

"Oh, no. Just be honest and tell them the truth. Tell them that you and the boy love each other."

"Oh, how crazy you are!" she burst out. "I don't want your advice."

That girl never came to school again. When I grew older, I realized how prudent she was in leaving school silently without letting her parents know the truth. Maybe she wouldn't have lived had she followed my advice. She was never considered intelligent; she seldom did her homework; her grades were always below the average, but she knew how to save her skin in real life. ■

School and Real Life

myself. "The new shoes won't hurt my feet like those old ones with holes."

I don't remember being in the habit of kissing my parents when I returned from school, but my new luxurious life that year changed my attitudes; I began to kiss my mother and father every time I came home.

I went to a U.N. school for Palestinian refugees. We didn't pay school fees, and we were given school books and copybooks for free. We paid only two cents a month, which was used for the needs of the very poor students in the school. Once I forgot to bring the two cents, and I didn't have any money for myself, either. I apologized to my teacher and promised to bring the two cents the next day. She insisted that I go home to bring the money, although it was raining and cold. I left school and walked home, crying. I knew that my father was at work, and that my mother was the only person I would find at home. But how could my mother help? She never had a cent on her. This may sound unlikely, but it was the truth. If I had told that to my teacher, she would have laughed and called me a liar. "Maybe Mom can borrow two cents from her neighbor," I thought and stopped crying.

I hadn't walked a block when I caught sight of a bright piece of silver, half-hidden in the mud at the side of the road. I picked it up quickly, wiped it and was astonished: "A whole two cent silver piece!" It was the first time I had ever found money, but that wasn't the reason for my happiness; I was happy because I wouldn't miss English, which was always my favorite class.

I entered the classroom out of breath, for I had run all the way back to school. I gave the silver coin to my teacher, and moved to my seat, but she asked me:

"Where did you get it?"

"I found it."

"I don't believe you. Money is not scattered in the streets waiting for you to pick it up."

"I told you the truth. I found it."

"You are a liar. You had the money in your pocket before I sent you home; you didn't want to give it to me. When your trick didn't work, you ran back to say that you had found two cents."

"I swear I found this coin. Feel it, maybe it is still cold."

"Stop this nonsense. Go and stand



Graphic by Peter Dawood/Hermes

Education on the West Bank

the father had to work to be able to feed the ten children they had.

I still feel guilty because a student had to leave school as a result of my ignorance of the students' situations in that camp. That was in my first week at that school. The student came and asked me if she could stay home for that whole week; it was time for the olives to be picked, and her aging parents wanted her to work for a week, since olive-pickers were paid well. I told her that she couldn't leave school for a whole week just to go and pick olives. I told myself that it was obvious that her parents were greedy; they wanted more money, and they didn't care if their daughter didn't go to school for a whole week.

The student didn't come to school that week, and didn't come after it, either. The headmistress told me that the student's parents had decided that they wouldn't send her to school any longer. The headmistress asked me if I could visit them to convince them to send their daughter back to school. Another

student took me to their house. It was the first time I had entered a house which didn't look like a house at all: a very small room with three mattresses on the floor covered with worn-out blankets, in a corner there was a small cardboard box with some clothes in it. I was shocked; my own family had been poor, but at least we had a dresser in our bedroom, we had beds, we had a table, and we had some chairs. My family had been poor, but what I saw in that house was not poverty; it was nothingness.

I couldn't talk to the parents for long; I felt that I was going to suffocate and that if I listened to their miseries a little longer, I would probably have a heart-attack. The father said that they wouldn't send their daughter back to school; she was the only child they had, and she ought to work, so the three of them wouldn't starve. When I asked them how they could manage to send her to school before, the mother said, "My daughter used to work after school and on the weekends, but life is becom-

ing harder for us, and she has to work more often."

I didn't even try to convince those parents to send their daughter back to school; I myself was convinced that she ought not to go to school any longer; protecting herself and her old parents from starving was much more crucial than going to school and learning math or science.

When I left that family, I started crying, "Why should a 15 year-old child worry about such things while in other places of the world most 15 year-old children don't have the responsibility even to prepare their own meals? Where is the U.N. and its declaration of the rights of children?" Such things made me sure that what seemed to be apathy was hardship and suffering; this changed my attitude towards my students and I respected them and their sufferings.

I can never forget a student who once came to school late; she came at 10:30 instead of coming at 8:00. When I asked her why she was late, she told me that

her mother had died the night before and that she waited till the burial was over. I couldn't believe what she said, not because I thought she was not telling the truth, but because it was incredible. I asked her why she came to school when she could have taken a day or even three days off, and she answered, "My mother had always told me that school ought to be the most important thing in our lives, for in this part of the world the only hope for us to improve our situations is to be well-educated."

All I taught my students was grammar and physical education, but my students taught me more valuable things; they made me understand that success is not only our ability to read different kinds of books, or to do homework: it is our ability to adjust in the situations we are in. Although I often felt sad for my students, I was always happy that I was there to share their feelings with them. ■

Palestinian Institutions

Continued from Page 1

to Palestinian national goals of education, but to ideals of international cooperation in teaching, learning and scholarship.

Birzeit University, located in the town of Birzeit, near Ramallah, has almost 2400 men and women students. It was founded in 1921 as a private high school in British Mandate Palestine and became a two-year college in 1961. Following the June War of 1967, when Israeli forces came to occupy the West Bank (which had previously been occupied by Jordan), Birzeit and other Palestinian universities determined to become full-fledged universities and were allowed to do so in 1974. In addition to offering a B.A. degree in its four faculties of Arts, Sciences, Commerce, and Economics, Birzeit now also offers an M.A. in Commerce and Education.

Along with other Palestinian cultural and educational institutions, Birzeit University suffers harassment from Israeli occupation authorities. This harassment occurs not only in the form of closure, but also through censorship, and even at times deportation of faculty and students. This latter form of harassment was particularly intense in the last few years when all foreign faculty (including Palestinians holding Jordanian passports) were obliged, in order to obtain work permits, to sign "loyalty oaths" to the state of Israel and refuse any support for the "organization called the PLO" (wording of the oath). Those faculty who refused to sign were threatened with deportation and many in fact were escorted to the border. The controversy over the oath is still being waged and has attracted international attention.

Censorship is more rampant. According to Military Order 854, promulgated in July, 1980, lists of faculty and students must be submitted to the military government. Similarly, new programs, text books, requests for educational equipment and public lectures come under the purview of the military government. Last fall, for example, British scholar and researcher, Ann Scott, allegedly a PLO sympathizer, was refused entrance into

Circulation of periodicals and newspapers is strictly controlled and books are regularly banned.

Israel, where she had arrived to participate in the International Symposium on Rural Societies in the Middle East, held October 6-8, 1983, at Birzeit University. The paper she was to have delivered at the conference was entitled: "Fertility in Arab Countries: Implications for Rural Development." (There may well have been political implications to her paper, however, in that the Israeli government is concerned that the Palestinian population in Israel and the Occupied Territories not grow any larger.)

Circulation of periodicals and newspapers is also strictly controlled and books are regularly banned. Between 1977 and 1981, for example, 1187 books were banned at Birzeit University, and, according to a 1981 report prepared by a committee of professors from the Hebrew University, a "book search" was carried out by the military authorities at al-Najah University on February 11, 1981. Sporadic searches, according to the same report, for "prohibited newspapers" also occur.

More than infringements of academic freedom, important and vital as this is to human development and critical exchange, are at stake here. At issue is not only the political, indeed the physical existence, but the cultural and historical existence as well, of the Palestinian people. The Israeli government is, of course, aware of the vital role played by education and culture in creating and perpetuating the historical life of a people and this awareness is evidenced by its repeated and consistent attacks on cultural institutions as well as military strongholds.

Whether West Bank universities, the PLO Research Center or the museum in Beirut, the very aggressiveness of the attacks testifies to a recognition of the persistence of a Palestinian cultural legacy—and the attendant need felt by the Israeli government to eradicate it. In December 1981, following the PLO retreat from Beirut in the wake of the Israeli invasion of Lebanon, Yasser Arafat was interviewed by the Palestinian poet Mu'in Bsisu. In that interview Arafat reminded the writer that "the Zionists are working now to destroy our history and our legends" and in the same context recalled Henry Kissinger's earlier recommendations to General Ariel Sharon that "we need something else besides Israeli tanks to put an end to Yasser Arafat." (*al-Ahali*, Dec. 15, 1983)

The history of political and cultural oppression of the Palestinian people may have begun with their arrival in Palestine, but it was institutionalized with the establishment of the Jewish state in 1948, and the subsequent Jordanian occupation of the West Bank from 1948 to 1967. In his two studies (1966 and 1968) of the "literature of resistance in occupied Palestine" from 1948 to 1966, the Palestinian writer Ghassan Kanafani presents and documents the history of the efforts of Palestinian writers and teachers to represent and express the political impetus and cultural production of their people living under Israeli and Jordanian domination. It is a history frustrated and thwarted by continued censorship and repression.

Israeli newspapers and journals that printed Palestinian writing were threatened with closure and accordingly ceased accepting Palestinian material. Palestinian literary and cultural organizations, like *al-Ard*, were hardly established before they were forcibly disbanded, circulation of printed material prevented, and their members arrested.

Out of these conditions of repression there emerged what has come now to be recognized as a Palestinian "literature of resistance," a resistance literature which discovers political and literary affinities with similar literary movements throughout the world, in Nicaragua and El Salvador, in Chile, in Kenya, in Baluchistan and elsewhere. In Israel itself, there have been important progressive and cooperative literary efforts involving Israeli Jews and Palestinian Arabs.

Ghassan Kanafani, who was the first critic to apply the term "resistance" to Palestinian literature, was killed in a car-bomb explosion in Beirut in July 1972. Killed with him was his 12-year old niece Lamees. Mossad, the Israeli secret service, later claimed responsibility for the assassination. In addition to his literary criticism and historical and political essays, Kanafani also wrote novels and short stories. His complete works are being edited now by his cousin Farouk Ghandour. Ghandour, together with the writer's Danish widow, Anni Kanafani, founded the Ghassan Kanafani Cultural Foundation in 1974. Proceeds and royalties from Ghassan's writings are used by the Foundation to operate and maintain seven kindergartens for more than 500 children in the Palestinian refugee camps and poor Lebanese quarters in Lebanon.

One of the two kindergartens in the Ain al-Hilweh refugee camp in Saida in southern Lebanon was seized by the Israeli Defense Forces and Saad Haddad's militia during the Israeli invasion in the summer of 1982. The kindergarten remained closed throughout the fall of 1982, but was eventually able, with the help of OXFAM England and the Swedish Free Church Aid, to reopen on December 13. According to Anni Kanafani, however, in a letter dated December 22, 1982, "the first day we opened the kindergarten, twelve soldiers from the Israeli army surrounded the place and arrested the headmistress in front of the teachers and children. She is a mother of four children and was kept in detention for two days being interrogated—she is an intelligent and very fine person. In the south we are hoping to start repairing our kindergarten in Rashadiyah and last Saturday we opened one of our two Beirut kindergartens. So—work is going on in spite of many difficulties..." Today, despite the many and continuing

difficulties, only the two kindergartens in Beirut are closed. Those located in the Rashadiyah, Ain al-Hilweh, Burj al-Shamali (southern Lebanon) and Badawi (Tripoli) refugee camps continue to provide care and instruction for the children of the camps of Lebanon.

Mu'in Bsisu, the Palestinian poet from Gaza who interviewed Yasser Arafat in December 1982, and wrote of the attack on Palestinian cultural institutions, died in London on January 24, 1982. Because the Israeli government would not allow the poet's body to be returned to his family in Gaza, Mu'in Bsisu was buried in Cairo, where his funeral was attended by friends and writers from throughout the world. In the meantime, however, Israeli plans have been announced as underway to build a cemetery for Jewish dead in the Israeli occupied West Bank.

In July 1983 (*al-Fajr*), Mu'in Bsisu himself responded to an interviewer's question: "Now for the first time there is poetry connected to the Palestinian fight. There are militant newspapers against the Israeli

Israeli newspapers and journals that printed Palestinian writing were threatened with closure and accordingly ceased accepting Palestinian material.

tanks; for the first time there are poetic and literary fora in the trenches. Ali Fodeh was martyred distributing *The Sidewalk*. (Ali Fodeh, a Palestinian poet, was killed during the Israeli siege of Beirut in 1982 while distributing *Rasif*, a literary magazine, on the streets of the Lebanese capital.) The editors of *Falastin al-Thawra* and *The Battle* wrote under bombardment. (Kamal Nassar, Palestinian writer and editor of *Falastin al-Thawra*, was assassinated by the Israeli secret service in Beirut in April, 1973.) This is a special experience for Palestinian literature, whether in the Occupied Territories or outside Palestine."

While the United States CIA mines the harbors of Nicaragua, students from the US and elsewhere study Spanish in the University of Managua or participate in Nicaraguan Work Brigades. Despite US-backed Israeli aggression and settlement of the Occupied Territories which continues unabated, Birzeit University has been sponsoring each summer International Work Camps attended by students from many countries who work beside Birzeit students in a variety of community development projects. This summer students from abroad will also be able to study Arabic and Archaeology of Palestine in courses offered by the university.

In his poem "This Waste of an Early Death," Balach Khan, a young Pakistani poet living in exile in London following his participation in the insurgency of 1973-77 in Baluchistan wrote:

Tonight,
I am with the children
who have lost everyone,
everything, utterly
I am with the Palestinian child
alone in his desert world
gazing at the twists of wire
and minefields, now his home.
I am with the Dhofari shepherd
perched like an eagle
on crags that touch the sky,
and the African boy
in a tree top with his rifle
glistening in the jungle sun. ■

Morales

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"Maybe they'll kill me, but I'm ready for that. What I'm worried about is the precedent that would set. All of the dictators of Latin America will use that precedent to get at their enemies in Mexico. What makes this case more complicated is the fact that it is against the U.S., the country that controls Mexico economically."

Dressed in a khaki prison uniform, Morales freely listed legal and political arguments for FALN actions but seemed much less comfortable when the abstractions were dropped and discussion turned to the personal factors that led him to "take up arms," and to the blood spilled by the FALN: Since 1974, its bombings of public buildings have killed six persons and injured hundreds.

What emerges from Morales' personal recollections is the story of a poor Puerto Rican boy born and reared in East Harlem; a student caught up in the political activism of the 1960's; and a young man willing to use violent methods to fight for a homeland he first saw when he was in his 20's.

At 33, Morales is an intense but amiable man who is more familiar with New York City than with San Juan. The graying radical speaks better English than Spanish, and speaks both with a New York accent.

Morales admitted he participated in FALN bombings in the mid-1970's but refused to disclose any information on the clandestine organization's workings. His reactions to sensitive questions such as "How did you learn to make bombs?" or "Who helped you when you were underground?" ranged from a coy smile and silence to a snarl and angry outburst. Even his leftist Mexican lawyers have been kept in the dark concerning his underground activities. "Once I innocently asked him if he knew a certain part of Mexico City," recalled one lawyer, "and he told me not to try to force information out of him."

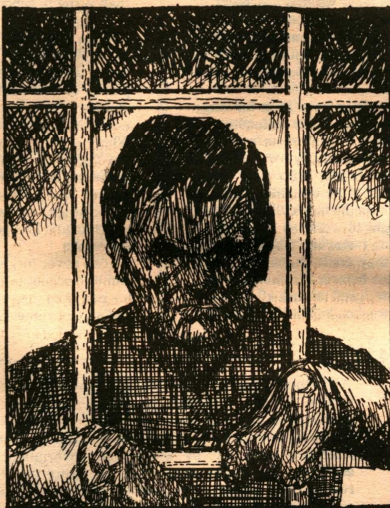
From behind the bars and glass of the courthouse prisoner pen, Morales' disfigurement from the July 12, 1978, explosion of a pipe bomb he was making is not so obvious. Up close it is. His lower lip, almost torn off by the blast, is thick with scars and turned down into a grimace on the right side. Bluish dots of impregnated black powder pepper his ears and cheeks. A jigsaw pattern of white scars covers his chin.

The hands that he now admits once fashioned bombs are no more than stumps. Except for the bottom parts of his left thumb and index finger, his fingers were blown off entirely in the Elmhurst, Queens, apartment where he was making a pipe bomb.

"I had to teach myself to eat, to dress myself, to tie

my shoes, to write," he recalled. "I got very little therapy when I was in jail." With a rubber band stretched between the remnants of his two fingers, he can hold a fork or a pen.

Morales refers to himself as a revolutionary and speaks without bitterness of "the sacrifices a revolutionary is willing to make." For example, he said he is glad that neither he nor his wife, Dylcia Pagan, who is imprisoned in Illinois, knows the whereabouts of their



son, so that the authorities could not use the boy as a lever to gain information from them.

Born on Feb. 7, 1950, William Morales is the first of three sons of Lucy Corea, a Puerto Rican immigrant who went to New York in the late 1940's in search of work. Interviewed on a hot August afternoon in her apartment in an East Harlem housing project, Mrs. Corea called her eldest boy "a quiet kid, a good son and a good student."

Cornell West

Continued from Page 1

tion. I think in the U.S. you simply can't get around the fact that American people are deeply religious and that you have to take seriously the particular life worlds they inhabit.

Therefore on both a personal and sociological level—to say whether one is a Christian or not, to take seriously the Christian faith of people in this country, you have to hit that brute fact head on. As an insider, a member of the Christian church, that is what I'm trying to do.

Hermes: Do you see the Afro-American church as particularly distinctive in its possibilities?

West: I do think the Afro-American church is distinctive in terms of its prophetic role—meaning that the prophetic tradition in Afro-American Christianity is much more pronounced. It is much easier to discern the progressive and prophetic possibilities of action than in other sectors of the population. Given the fact that the Black church has produced such prophetic giants as Martin Luther King Jr. and Marcus Garvey, there is a rich and visible tradition to build on.

Hermes: What kind of comparison would you make with the Catholic church which also has a strong tradition of social action and protest?

West: I think it is different because the Catholic church and its prophetic tradition, particularly in this country, has simply not had the same kind of impact on a national or international level. Of course there are the Dorothy Days and the Catholic Reporter, but it still has not had the kind of impact a Martin Luther King did.

Hermes: Your Marxist ideological position is a pretty clear one—how do you reconcile it with your work in the church?

West: Primarily because my own Marxist view tends to remain at the level of social analysis as opposed to a vision/world view, so I don't get into issues of ontology, dialectical materialism or metaphysical debates which do clash fundamentally with the Christian view. Since I see Marxism primarily as a tradition of social theory as opposed to a philosophical system—it becomes easier to appropriate a Marxist social analysis and reconcile it with a Christian world view a systemic understanding of society keeping its eye on the various forms of oppression.

I circumscribe my Marxism to that socio-analytic arena and once it spills over, that's where my Christianity takes over.

Hermes: In what ways do you see the Black church as particularly radical or enabling, as opposed to other forms of public discourse?

West: What is distinctive about the Black church nationally and internationally is that it is a crucible of what constitutes various kinds of oppositional cultures. The international status of a Michael Jackson for example is nothing but an extension of Black church culture which has gone through various changes and

transformation. As the Afro-Americanization of American culture occurs and ultimately world culture, because America is an imperialist power and Michael Jackson goes hand in hand with Coke and a host of other products, we see oppositional cultures which are deeply rooted in the Black church. "Culture Club" is another example of this from the Jamaican tradition. The Black church has a defined impact on oppositional cultures in both style and form.

As political movements search for an oppositional culture they have turned to Afro-American culture. This is true in rock and roll, various gay and lesbian cultures—why this is so is a complicated issue. The Black church obviously functions in various subtle ways which include much more than just preaching a prophetic gospel.

Hermes: Much of your work is centered on liberation theology—how does your exposition differ from those given by Third World theologians?

West: One aspect is, of course, that I have a particular Protestant version of it. Most of the Third World versions are Catholic. Gustavo Gutierrez, a good friend of mine, is still in dialogue with his Catholic past of integral humanism and other traditions. My version comes out of the left wing of the reformation and it is tied to the tradition of the Thomas Munzers, the Anabaptists, etc. I myself am a Baptist. Though conceived in a different context, I would hope that my work on liberation theology could be extended to peripheral and semi-peripheral contexts. It would have to undergo some changes. I should say in this regard that I do look forward to more interaction with leftist African theologians, particularly because I think that some of the work I'm trying to do on the genealogy of modern racism would apply to the African situation.

Hermes: What other areas in black life do you see as particularly enabling? You mentioned the importance of black feminist literature, for instance.

West: Popular culture is very important—trying to look at the oppositional potential of forms like break dancing and rap music, ways in which utopian energies are manifest in late capitalist society. It is incumbent on cultural critics, which is what I am, to try to discern what real oppositional potentials there are. You listen to "Grand Master Flash and the Furious Five"—they say it's like a jungle sometimes, gotta keep on down, to keep from going under. An important judgement is being brought to bear here. Yet at the same time, they bring to the forefront the deep sexist values and sensibilities of the Black community.

Hermes: Jesse Jackson is a central issue in Black politics at the moment. You mentioned him as a possibility for "leftist" politics—how do you see this?

West: In a very limited sense, the possibilities for viable leftist politics in this country are so limited that one has to leap to certain opportunities out of desperation—Jackson is one of them. But I do think he plays an

No one in the family was involved in politics before William, his mother said. "I had no idea he was in the FALN before his accident," she said. "I don't know what made him so political." Yet she vocally supports him at pro-independence groups' rallies and reunions. "William is a patriot and a fighter for what he believes in, not a terrorist," Mrs. Corea said.

"When we were growing up my Mom was tough," Morales recalled. "If school was open you went, even if there was snow on the ground. When you came home you did your homework. If it wasn't for her, my brothers [Raymond, 30, and Henry, 21] and I would have ended up addicts in the streets."

What William's mother could not do for him was shut out the pressures of New York City. "In the schools we were taught that we are all Americans, that we all benefit from the Bill of Rights," Morales said. "That's very philosophical. But you quickly learn that it's not that way in daily life."

If a Puerto Rican was riding with friends in Central Park, he said, "cops would stop you to see if you had stolen the bike." Just because you were Puerto Rican, he said, "people would look at you as if you were going to mug them."

Late in his teens, Morales encountered more serious problems. "A friend who went to Vietnam clean came back to the States a drug addict...He committed suicide by jumping off a 16-story project," Morales said. "...I saw friends—not girlfriends—hooked on drugs turn to prostitution...They'd sell themselves for \$2 just to buy a \$2 bag."

Morales entered City College in the fall of 1968 and was quickly caught up in student activism. Most of his energy went into a nonviolent Puerto Rican independence group. "I got very involved in the movements, organizing rallies, going to meetings," he said. "There wasn't enough time for studying. I dropped out after a year and a half." In 1971 Morales enrolled in the School of Visual Arts, from which he received a film-making degree after five years split between study and part-time jobs.

By reading Franz Fanon and other radical theorists and discussing them with other young Puerto Ricans, Morales developed a new world view: "You learn that violence is not just a policeman with a stick hitting you over the head. It's hunger, racism, unemployment, drug addiction—the products of the capitalist system."

Studying Puerto Rican history led Morales to believe that his people needed an independent homeland. "The United States violently entered Puerto Rico in 1898 with their cannons," he said. "...I read history and saw that we had tried all peaceful means. Elections,

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important role in expanding the boundaries of public discourse. Leftists should be vigilant in their critical support of Jackson. He is open to learning a lot from the left, particularly the non-Black left.

HERMES: Given the kind of mainstream competition he is up against how far do you think he could take his program?

WEST: If he becomes an agitator, a leader of a movement, he will be open to leftist ideas. If he becomes merely a broker in the Democratic party, that imposes constraints on the choices he makes.

HERMES: Do you think his local level action will sustain itself?

WEST: One hopes that it will sustain itself, the possibilities are certainly there.

HERMES: To return to your intellectual life—what are the important directions in Black intellectual life at present?

WEST: I would hope that Black discussions of post-Marxism, neo-Marxism and Marxism will intensify. I hope that feminism and Third World feminism receive greater attention. I would also hope that there is a refinement of the dialogue between Black, Brown, Red and White intellectuals.

In terms of social theory there is still a major lack of Black intellectuals. I think it is still very difficult for them to find a community that will take them seriously.

HERMES: You mentioned the dialogue in the sixties between the Black and feminist movements as a profitable one—is there still something they have to gain from one another?

WEST: I think the Black and feminist movements still have much to offer one another. I think they are reaching the point where their definition of what it is to be a feminist, is also to be an anti-racist. The definition of a Black freedom fighter should also be a feminist one. These are moves in the right direction.

HERMES: Does this mean that they can reconcile the specificity in their differences—there have always been conflicts of interest and strategy.

WEST: I see progress here. Ten or fifteen years ago, feminists of the liberal and socialist stripe were not taking the issue of race as seriously as they do now. They were not taking women of color as seriously as they do now. Certainly, one could argue that they still don't take them seriously enough, but they are still taking them more seriously than they were then.

HERMES: Lastly, what are your feelings on the way in which your work is received and considered in conventional academic circles?

WEST: It makes it more difficult for certain secular scholars to take my work seriously. That's fine with me, my work is meant to be provocative and I invite criticism. It does reveal a certain ignorance of secular analysis on religious phenomena. ■

Morales Continued on Page 8

demonstrations, going to international court, each action was met with violent repression."

In 1975 a member of the FALN, whom Morales won't name, "popped the question: 'Are you willing to take up arms for the liberation of Puerto Rico?'" Morales was. "It's all voluntary," he said. "I joined up."

Most FALN members know only three to five people in their cells. That secrecy has severely limited the ability of U.S. law enforcement officials to predict or prevent FALN bombings—more than 100 have been attributed to the group since it surfaced in 1974. "Every time they arrest leaders they say they have broken the back of the FALN," Morales said. "But soon after, we come back."

"We are largely left to reacting," conceded Kenneth Walton, FBI deputy assistant director and head of the FBI/New York Police Department Terrorism Task Force.

"We love peace, we have no desire to place bombs in buildings or kill."

Little is known about Morales' place in the FALN structure—and Morales isn't volunteering any information. To Walton, Morales "is just an inept bomb-maker who blew off both of his hands and part of his face." New York City cops have nicknamed Morales "Fingers." "The only thing that made him a semi-folk hero in the terrorist community," Walton said, "is that he escaped and remained a fugitive for four years."

When Walton's comments were read to him, Morales responded: "Who is inept? I was able to escape from a guarded hospital room. More than I wanted to get out of jail—as a revolutionary I am ready to go to jail for the struggle—I wanted to teach the U.S. government a lesson: that our organization is capable of many things, that Puerto Ricans are capable people."

"Ours is a popular movement," he said on a different occasion. "They know that even with all of their money and equipment they can't stop us."

Morales said he expects to see Puerto Rican independence in his lifetime. "The FALN blows up buildings in the night. That is part of our long-term plan," he said. "Right now we are in the armed propaganda stage. The next step is people's war...It could get to the point where you have a Beirut in New York with 'fire' and 'no go' zones."

Although he will not identify the FALN bombings in which he participated, Morales says they have all been justified. "We love peace, we have no desire to place bombs in buildings or kill. The people who have died have died because of the irresponsibility of the police and authorities," he insisted.

The Jan. 24, 1975, bombing—admittedly without warning—of Fraunces Tavern in Lower Manhattan, in which four persons died and more than 50 were injured, was the FALN's bloodiest act. Morales said that the attack preceded his participation in the FALN, but that he would have endorsed it.

Asked to explain the incident, Morales appeared uncomfortable, spoke quickly and stuck closely to the line of argument he said he had heard other FALN members espouse.

"OK, OK, let me explain that," he began. "Two or three weeks before in the town of Mayaguez, Puerto Rico, there was going to be a political rally for Puerto Rican independence. A Cuban exile group planted a bomb in a garbage can...When the rally started the bomb went off killing a man and seriously injuring a 6-year-old child. Our information shows that the Cuban exile group was under the direct control of the CIA."

"I was told that [FALN] members had decided to retaliate..." Morales said. "The bomb was placed in the Anglers Club in Fraunces Tavern, a club for high-ranking executives...Those people are not divorced from U.S. foreign policy, in the same way that an ITT executive is not innocent of what happened in Chile...That way the American government would know that anytime it took violent action against Puerto Rican *independentistas* there would be retaliation. The first blood shed was Puerto Rican."

Contrary to Morales' version, FBI records indicate that the bomb was placed at the foot of a stairway leading up to the Anglers Club and adjacent to a public dining room. "Only one of the four people killed was in the Anglers Club," said FBI New York spokesman Joseph Valiquette. "To set off a bomb at mid-day, the height of the lunch hour, in the financial district, is some indication of the value the FALN places on human life," he said. No one has been arrested in the attack.

Morales said that most FALN bombings are directed against property. "Our attacks are calculated. They are not wanton. Wanton is putting a bomb in a subway car," he said. Those who plant bombs in crowded areas are not responsible for deaths and injuries if their bomb threats are ignored, he argued.

That is the logic Morales used to divert blame for the August, 1977, bombing death of a Mobil Oil executive from the FALN to the young victim's superiors. "We called them up and warned them half an hour before, not five minutes like some other groups, but half an hour," Morales said. "The Mobil executives decided that only senior executives would be evacuated."

A Mobil spokesman declined to comment on Morales' statements. Valiquette said: "To say that by calling up and making a bomb threat one mitigates their responsibility for any injuries the explosion may produce is a bogus argument."

Within a year of the Mobil bombing, Morales himself was injured. "The bomb just went off as I was about to

"Right now we are in the armed propaganda stage. The next step is people's....It could get to the point where you have a Beirut in New York with 'fire' and 'no go' zones."

close it," he said. "It was something technical."

Unable to connect Morales to any FALN bombings, a federal grand jury indicted him on weapons and reckless endangerment charges. Morales declared himself a prisoner of war, refused to recognize the authority of the court and offered no defense. A federal judge sentenced him to 10 years in prison, and a New York State court convicted Morales on almost identical

charges. His sentences are to be served consecutively, yielding a total of up to 89 years behind bars.

It was 335 days into his sentence that Morales escaped from a third-floor prison ward room in the

Although Morales' case is being handled in the courts, diplomatic observers believe the ultimate decision on his extradition will be more political than juridical.

Manhattan hospital, making his way to the street down a chain of bandages. "All I can say is that it was well planned and well done," he said with a grin.

Mexican police records—purportedly based on statements Morales made during the period he was held incommunicado and alleges he was tortured—indicate that the fugitive entered Mexico in the summer of 1980 through El Paso, Texas, after spending time in New Jersey, Milwaukee and Chicago safe houses. The interrogation report states that Morales was housed by leftists in the northern state of Chihuahua through March, 1983. Morales denies police accusations that he was linked to Mexican guerrilla groups before his capture.

In April, 1983, Morales moved south to the town of Cholula—possibly to receive plastic surgery in nearby Mexico City—with a couple he had befriended in Chihuahua.

The beginning of the end of his life underground occurred May 21 when Morales called a Chicago FALN supporter from a pay phone in Puebla. The FBI was listening in on the Chicago end. On the basis of that call, the FBI alerted Mexican police that Morales would be at the same phone exchange May 26 and requested his arrest.

Two Mexico City police officers were sent to Puebla. When they entered the phone exchange, Morales was seated with a Mexican companion, Adalberto Villafranco, at a table by the entrance. The Mexican drew a handgun and began shooting. The officers returned fire. When the shooting stopped, Villafranco and one of the officers lay dying, the other officer was wounded, and Morales—who escaped harm by dropping to the floor—was under arrest.

Half a year later, Morales seems to have grown accustomed to prison life. With the money he receives from supporters in the United States, he can eat decent meals in the prison's simple privately run restaurant. At last word, he was still in solitary confinement—prison authorities were ignoring a court order to move him to a normal cell—but in recent months he has been allowed more free time in the yard. He says that from time to time he is illegally interrogated but that he has not been physically tortured since May. He said prison guards verbally abuse him often trying to pressure him into a bribe, but that is a common complaint of inmates in the Northern Prison.

And he expresses no regrets. "A revolutionary is prepared for this and worse. I've never said 'I've had it,'" Morales said. ■

Germans in Nicaragua Continued from Page 5

toiled in the rain for two days from morning to evening. The cold and wet have done in a few: flu, shivers, fever. The first big wave of sickness is slowly receding. (...)

David explained the work to us. David is 16 years old and the representative of the Sandinista Youth Organization. He is therefore responsible for the roughly 150 young people who have sacrificed their vacation to work here. Normally 400 campesinos work here in the production unit. Of them only 15 are still here. The rest are now in the militia defending the country. That means that we and the young people are harvesting the crop. The young people now organize everything here and that works very well. In comparison we are much more chaotic. David is very optimistic that we can complete the harvest. What makes everything even harder is all the rain, because that makes the coffee get ripe more quickly and we have to keep up with it. (...)

Sometimes we feel like children here. We have to begin at the beginning with the language, with the way of life. Really, we have to learn a lot. And besides that, they think that we're all gay. They always just want to know if you are married, how old and which religion. Well, 27, unmarried, atheist. Either disbelieving astonishment or giggles. I think they can't understand us. Most of us have already cut our hair to fit in better with the Nicas. And all of us have

taken out our earrings....

a woman from Munster:

It is terribly hard for the three of us who are women to assert ourselves here in the group of men. Yesterday it really got on my nerves, and I was really griping at the men for the first time. There are so many games going on, partly in the men's behavior toward the Nicaraguan women, but also toward us. Dumb remarks, stupid comments. I often don't feel like a person in the group, but only like a woman. It's clear that tensions develop in such an imbalanced group, which have something to do with maleness and femaleness, but here they only come out in hints and suggestions, instead of putting things clearly and talking them out.

For the Nicaraguan women it is different—they have a different women's consciousness from us and all of them are between 14 and 16 years old. "Our" men take them even less seriously than us—sometimes we have the feeling that they only see the pretty little woman in them.

There was a huge brouhaha about such things, in which I had the feeling that many men absolutely didn't understand what my criticisms were about.... I often notice how dependent I am on the group—my highs and lows depend on the other people. The Nicaraguan men come on to us too, but I don't feel threatened by that, perhaps

because they are all still so young. The many restrictions get on our nerves. When we want to shower, for example—in bathing suits! All the Nicas stand around, a huge crowd! It will get better with time—they will get used to it.

Every morning it's hard to crawl out of the sleeping bag at 4:00. It's often still cold and dark and a lot of the time it's raining. Into the clothes, which often haven't dried overnight, then through the mud with the flashlight to the kitchen. Beans and rice and luke warm, disgustingly sweet coffee.

Get used to it, get used to everything: I pour down the brew by the liter. A bit of washing at the trough, back to the cabin and then outside in rows assembled for morning inspection. Every morning a talk on increasing production—we should be able to manage 2½ latas (baskets, about 20 pounds), but our average is only about 1.6 latas. Our activity is not only work, but also struggle in production, just as the militia struggle in the mountains. Every morning we also get reminders of historical situations or a report on Ortega's latest speech. It's often especially difficult when praise and blame are given out. The best and the worst are identified by name. To show that we reject this principle we always have our sacks weighed in common, which astonishes the Nicas.

Then comes the FSLN-Hymn and we go off to the fields. We all have a big basket tied in front of us, in which we

gather the coffee beans. The coffee plants are sort of like little cherry trees, only the "cherries" are without stalks. Only the black and red ones may be picked.

When the basket is full it is emptied into a sack, which then have to drag around with us. But there is yelling and shouting in the fields, songs and slogans.... Often the work is a lot of fun because this communication is possible and because we take breaks when we have to—sometimes it's also very, very hard.

The sacks have to be carried back, too. So I lift up the sack, which weighs 20-30 kilos [1 kilo=over 2 pounds] and is often wet, onto my shoulders and set out toward the *fina*—through the woods and usually uphill. So far I've always managed to carry the sack high, even when I have the feeling for the last few meters that I'm going to collapse. It's a great feeling to put down the sack, but I'm entitled to hold out as long as the men, and so far we women have had more will and endurance than many of the men. Then the sacks are weighed, and we manage to bring in as much as the Nicas, often even more. A few of us work like crazy and can't be stopped.

The beans are already overripe. Half of the crop may be lost—we feel ourselves under pressure to bring in as much as possible. If anyone in Germany demanded so much work from me I'd never do it, even for a lot of money.... ■

Southern Fried Eggs

A Story By James Bloom

This must've happened in sixty-four or sixty-five, more likely sixty-five because that had to have been the hottest summer of the decade. In fact it must've been that summer because I was fresh out of Basic and in the motor pool at Benning. Now Benning's in Georgia where it's always hotter than hell anyhow, and it's in Columbus which is real far inland so there's no sea breeze or anything like there is on the coast. So of course we're all sweltering all the time, troops are dropping on the drill-field from prostration and so forth, the whole camp stinks to high heaven of sweat and garbage, and in the middle of this Wallace decides to pay us a little social call.

Now you all probably know how wild they used to be about George Wallace down South. In Columbus they were always going on about how the George in George Wallace was the same as the George in Georgia, even though he might really be a true blue Bamma boy. So naturally all the rednecks on the base, not to even mention the town, are going crazy, just jumping for joy if you know what I'm saying. Especially with President Kennedy, may he rest in peace, only dead less than a year and all of them hoping their man's going to be next in the saddle as soon as Johnson gets canned. You've got to understand that America was a very different place then from what it is today. They were all hoping and praying that Wallace would help them keep their segregated water fountains and what not. The man was at the peak of his political career at the time and he was like the Messiah or something for a lot of these people.

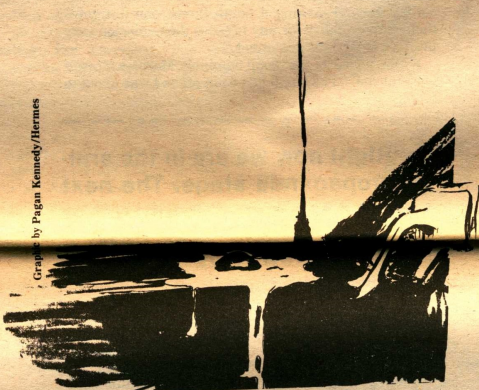
Anyway to get to the point, he's finally coming on this brutal day in the middle of August, and to show how much they care the brass at Benning decides to send out a special motorcade to meet him at this little park at the other end of town where he's coming in by helicopter to make a quick speech and then tour around by car talking to people and the like for a while. Now being a young hot-shot in the motor-pool, yours truly is one of the guys given the honor of being in this escort thing. So when the big day finally comes we get, as they say down south, "all gussied up" in our dress greys from head to heel and we roll out of Benning at "o-nine-hundred hours", as they say in the army, to make our little rendezvous at "twelve-hundred hours". Of course the park's only half an hour from the base so we've got two and a half hours to kill twiddling our thumbs in the sun until this great American leader shows up. That's the army for you. That's the army at its best.

Well two hours pass and we're all standing around in our boots and belts and hats and holsters just sweltering and sweating away like the pigs we are, and there's a real big crowd gathering all ready for Uncle George to come down from the blue sky and make his big debut. All these townies floating around have their tongues hanging out of their mouths just dribbling from heat and anticipation. Bye and bye two and a half hours pass and everybody starts looking up to see if they can see the chopper and our C.O. calls us to attention so we'll be good and ready when the big moment comes. Naturally, absolutely everything is all pomp and circumstance and alma-mater we greet thee and

all. Meanwhile twelve O'clock slips by into eternity and we're still standing there at attention looking as tight-assed as our C.O. and our C.O. is looking around like a total idiot, wondering where in hell Wallace is and if he should radio into the base to tell them what's going on. All the people are sort of milling around shifting their weight on their feet, and the town cops are out in full force just waiting for someone to start something, just like cops always do. And nothing, literally nothing, is happening.

At this point I'm pretty much broiling and pretty much bored standing there in the sun at attention. As a matter of fact I'm staring at this big black long limo that's sitting there on the grass just waiting to sweep Wallace off his feet the moment he's finished saying a few kind words to his good people. The limo is just sitting there long and lean on the city green, like a big black crocodile sunning himself on a rock or something. To make it all even better, there are these sprinklers spraying water on the grass in the park to keep it from scorching, but it's so damn hot there's like a steamy mist rising up from the ground, especially all around the car. I'm staring and sweating away thinking I should be such a big-shot that people would wait around for me with motorcades and black Lincolns and Caddies and fly me around in helicopters and let me kiss the prom-queen and have marching bands and buffet banquets for me wherever I go. I mean don't I deserve it more than a bigoted asshole like George Wallace who keeps his own voters waiting around in crummy parks on hundred and ten degree days in Georgia? There's just no damn justice in this world I tell you.

Graphic by Pagan Kennedy/Hermes



So there I am gaping and glaring like a moron in the blazing afternoon sun with everybody else doing

likewise because by now it's past one O'clock, when all of a sudden out of nowhere this black kid no more than eight or nine years old squirms out of the crowd and goes striding on over to the black limo. Now this little niglet, that's what we called the little negro kids down at Benning owing to the way they were so tiny and shiny and sort of squealed when they played and ran around, this little niglet walks right up to the limo and cracks an egg smack in the middle of its hood. Now all of us solidiers were struck dead dumb. And everyone else, including the cops who'd been waiting for something like this all day if not all year, was pretty dumbfounded as well. Meanwhile he walks over to one side of the limo's hood and cracks a second egg in the upper left hand corner. Then he walks right around to the other side and cracks a third egg in the upper right hand corner, such that it's like there are two teary eyes with a runny nose. When he finishes this egg business, he just walks away with his nose sticking up in the air just like the corn-rows or pig-tails or whatever you call 'ems in his hair. I swear to you he just walked on away cool as a cucumber under that Southern sun and nobody, even the cops, did a thing. I mean what could they do? You can't go clubbing or arresting a little eight year old pick-a-ninny, even if you're a redneck cop in Columbus Georgia in nineteen-sixty-four. What in hell can you do? I'll tell you. You can just stand there on your feet or sit there on your can and watch it happen that's all, while the kid walks off with that smoothness or savoir-faire or whatever it is those people have. You can't deny they have a way about them just like they've got that rhythm for drumming and dancing.

By this time the kid had disappeared back into the crowd. He was gone and gone for good and nobody was going to do anything to him or with him. So all of us, meaning literally everybody there, just stood and stared at the hood of that limo with those three cracked eggs running down it like a cry-baby face. Very slowly at first, then faster and faster, those eggs began to fry, just the same as eggs sunny-side-up in a frying-pan. Those three eggs bubbled and sizzled away on the hood of that beautiful black limo as if they were in a cast-iron skillet and nobody so much as moved a muscle to wipe them away. I swear to you under oath that they just cooked away under that searing Southern sun so you could have put them on a plate to have with bacon for breakfast. And they kept on cooking there until they were as burnt and black as that limo or the hair on that kid's head.

That's the whole story really. Wallace never did show up that day. He passed through on a campaign tour a couple of months later though. I remember it caused a mean traffic by Columbus standards. But that day he had to negotiate with some blacks who were rioting in Montgomery or somewhere on account of having their civil rights deprived or some other such thing. And now, what is it, about twenty years later and I'm sitting here on my ass telling you about this, and Wallace well he's sitting on his ass for good, but that kid, you can bet both our butts, Wallace's and mine, that he's one smooth operator. ■

The Camera Never Lies: On Pornography

By Craig Marsden

Perhaps you have thought about pornography. You might think of it everytime the Miss Universe Pageant comes on the television complete with Tide commercials, Bob Barker and scores flashed by unseen judges. But that is not pornography; that is commercial exploitation of women by men for women. Why else do they sell diapers, laundry detergents and Woolite between bathing suits?

According to Andrea Dworkin, the word pornography, which is derived from the ancient Greek *porne* and *graphos*, means "writing about whores." *Porne* refers to the lowest class of whores, the cheapest, least regarded, least protected of all women (including slaves). *Graphos* refers to the graphic depiction of "women as vile whores." She argues that modern pornography conforms to the spirit of the root meaning. The only change has been the means with which women are represented. Now there is photography, film and video, including the MTV which livens the Campus Pub. In our time, pornography has been absorbed into advertising and television and film. And we have all been sufficiently socialized to forget that it is a problem.

At times, pornography and film have

enjoyed a symbiotic relationship. Indeed, the porno industry nets more profits per annum than the film and record companies combined. But the issue of pornography in the visual arts problematizes the very notions of signification and representation. Vision is the most objectifying of all the senses. To gaze upon an object is a powerful action that allows us to distance ourselves from it and manipulate its meaning.

When we view a film, our perceptions are manipulated by the camera, which has typically constructs what Laura Mulvey calls the "male gaze." According to her article, *Visual Pleasure and Narrative Cinema*, most films imply a specific viewer: a male. A male subject within the film gazes at the female; the camera responds to the gaze and presents the audience with a new image of the female. Mulvey specifies three "gazes" operating in film: the look of the camera, the look of the men in the film, and thirdly, the look of the spectator (who by implication is male). The added conditions of voyeurism, scopophilia (sexual pleasure in looking), and fetishism (the erotization of the female body) in film reinforce the construction of the male gaze and the implied male viewer within the con-

lines of dominant cinema. We are captivated by the image and held away from it, bound up in its realism, held safely by the power of the gaze.

In the movie theatre, regardless of the distance I find myself from the screen, I glue my nose to the point of disjoining it, on the mirror of the screen, to the imaginary other with which I identify myself narcissistically...I am riveted to the representation...which is the basis of naturalness [pseudo-nature] of the filmed/represented screen...The Real, for its part, ignores distance.

Roland Barthes,
*Upon Leaving the
Movie Theater.*

The so-called dominant cinema constructs a male viewing subject. How can the modes of sexist representation be reformulated to bring into being a female subject? The fragmentation of women within this system is through the power of the look. But this imaging of women constantly throws itself at us: in movie theaters, in the Kabatchnick's window...everywhere we go we see images

of the silenced, fragmented, submissive figure of women. Pornography is the perfected discourse out of which these articulations emerge. We have to look beyond pornography, to representation itself, to the ways we have been taught to see. ■



Three Poets

For nancy

in the darkness over there
you know...pora ya
there lingers a little small
bright light
i'm always walking towards it
along the way bumping into
untold tales of
a tana sister,
torn relationships,
jorge who owns la bodega where mamí
plays her numbers,
a distant puerto-rican straight-haired sister,
a spanish speaking viejo from San Juan,
a boy from la quinta venida (who get this---
speaks spanish better than me.)
and one day una strait-laced victorian-like
but very boricua sister.

you remember that pre-destined day,

i knew you,
you knew me,

but we tried to be sly, cool, omniscient
slightly bitchy,
but friendly.

you with your shining brown hair
and ubiquitous smile (i told you you should
have been in a colgate commercial)
me with my sassy amiable self.

i told you about ese muchacho
and you told me how-that-morning-you
had-some-date-with-some-cool-guy
from-cardinal-hayes
and you were getting ready to
wash your hair and look
all pretty-like,
when you found that
once
again
there
was
no
hot
water.

the landlord fucked up again.

i would say muchacha yo ni soy boricua
i don't even know the anthem...
you taught it to me.
that and the art of loving when things can go wrong.

one day me puse loca
i was looking for you.

went to the
south bronx,
the concourse,
to fifth avenue, (even)
to washington street (checked both houses)
and when i came to find you
you were in a trance waiting for the
freedom of an island
long held captive...
and i would hold you and tell you
it could never be...
and you told me that the
brothers and the sisters were finally
gettin'/it/together.

ooh...it is hard to see beyond
those trees that at times stand
somerly in front of your window.

especially when doña angela is practicing
her witchcraft downstairs and someone
from across the concourse is calling you
ugly spanish names.

no te preocupes,

all is settled---i ran to our friend la africana
and we spent hours talkin' about you
and about us
and how sometimes you can love the people of
the one you love
and how sometimes you can understand the power
of one woman loving
another.

Evelyn Gonzalez

November's Unraveling

Two days ago--the morning after the rain
found the cold earth inhospitable, and rose
back into the sky--i watched a man unravel.
He did not unwind, spinning out like a nebula;
he did not slump like a cored apple baking;
he did not scream like a burned man peeling.
Rather, he just kept walking into less
and less of himself.

A headwind herded leaves around his feet
as he walked. The wind parted around him,
or his hair and clothes simply refused to blow back.
As i watched, a single thread loosened itself
from his sweater and began to worm its way through the air
before him. More threads loosened and crawled ahead
until his pants and face and shoes and hands blossomed
like rain clouds walking upright, raining down
the street. His outline had burst in front
like a flock of birds suddenly shaken back
into the air. He was not subsumed; every fiber
decided, then forded his body's blurring edge
like a salmon. Finally, he was just a sapling
still walking, and then the dispersing smoke
of human thread caught on the wind and whipped
back through the body's path, dissolving like steam.

There are times in November
when it is necessary to defy the balance of mass
and imagination, and dissolve in the wind to save yourself.

Mark Schafer

Calling me

when you comb your hair in the morning
i dream of wheat fields streaming
down the shoulders of a hill.

in the sun your hair shimmers
like a river of grain
refusing to stand still.

In the day my dreams scatter,
seeds laid down
for the birds to carry off.

sometimes in the flourescent bathroom
i find strands on the floor
running from the beckoning harvest.

I silently watch
winter's bare face staring
under autumn's proud height.

you come home in the evening
with fewer hairs, to meet me
with fewer dreams.

S. Sager



the forgotten woman: a story

and god created a man
and his name was adam/
and god created a woman
and her name is forgotten.
not that eve chick, she came later from a rib of the man/
this woman was made by herself for no one/ but adam didn't know this
all he saw was this beautiful strong naked woman running through
the fields
wrestling with lions chasing deer breathing freedom and heeding no call.
she saw joy in the trees love in the rivers peace in the sky.

but the man didn't like that/ god had promised him
to be lord of all the earth/ and adam thought she was just another
bitch to come when he wanted to take her on the grass/ he watched
her run/ with breasts bouncing and legs strong and flexing.
he would call and say/
woman paint your face for me/ wear spike heeled shoes
and lacey dresses/ so you can't run from me.
but she laughed and threw those things from her.
seeing this/ anger rose in the man/ he cursed her/ swore to teach
her his lesson.

one day she saw a mountain and ran to it
bounding up its slopes more like a bird than a woman
more like the rising fog than a creature on two legs
she knew the strength and beauty and the earth
and if the fields were her home then the mountain was too
so she strode up the side bounced from rock to rock
until she reached the top and stood next to the sky.

there at the top of that mountain the man caught up to her
he was mad because he had to scramble and grapple with every boulder.
he was mad because she wouldn't answer his call.
he was mad because she wouldn't lay down with spread legs for him.
and when he caught up to her,
there at the top,
and he saw her standing strong and sweaty
gazing at the stars
with arms outstretched,
he pushed her off the mountain.

she fell and broke/ and the man called to god and said/
make me another/ so god did and forgot the woman's name/
but the man never did forget the one thing he could never possess.

the man pushed her
because she tried to touch the sky.

S. Sager

Editorial

For A Palestinian Homeland

The Israeli invasion of Lebanon and subsequent military quagmire have diverted American attention from a severe and deepening crisis which could doom efforts to achieve a lasting peace in the Middle East. At present, there are over 10,000 Israeli settlers living on the West Bank of the Jordan River, and the number increases daily as the Israeli government undertakes a sustained effort to heighten its political and economic advantage over the besieged Palestinian Arab majority. Elias Freij, Mayor of Bethlehem, warned recently, "We are going to a catastrophe," reflecting an increasingly widespread hopelessness among the Arab population.

The proposal to move the American embassy from Tel Aviv to the West Bank city of Jerusalem is an ominous reminder of the misguided policy advocated by many well-meaning liberal Americans. The blind acceptance of Israeli governmental policy by candidates Hart and Mondale and their supporters strengthens extremist elements within Israeli society, jeopardizing chances for a negotiated peace. These same elements have allied Israel with international outlaws Guatemala and South Africa, further isolating Israel from the international community and deepening its self-image as a pariah. In addition, uncritical support of Israel weakens progressive groups, such as Peace Now, who are seeking to mediate the conflict.

The Palestinian people have been the losers in a dangerous political game for too long. The need for a Palestinian homeland has never been more acute. The situation on the West Bank has provoked both optimism and despair for Palestinians, who have witnessed with alarm the meteoric growth of the Jewish-Israeli presence in the region. This *de facto* annexation, under which the Israeli government offers monetary incentives for Jewish settlement in the area, has been ruinous to both the economy of Israel and the hopes for a peaceful settlement. At the same time, the general reluctance of the PLO and the Arab nations to join in negotiations with Israel has strengthened their image as extremists with no real desire for a lasting solution.

A Palestinian homeland on the West Bank, although not in itself a permanent solution to the hostilities, would "buy time" for a more far-reaching political accommodation. Reaching an accord will demand compromise on both sides, and time is running out. If delays persist and Israeli settlement is allowed to continue unabated, the victims will once again be the Palestinians.